
Title: The Color in the Light

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A meditation on Virtue.

Herein, I endeavor only to
illuminate a fascinating
tangent I experienced
whilst meditating at the
Shrine of Spirituality and
later as I studied at the
Lycaeum. It is of
paramount importance
that you, reader, do not
convey these incorporated
musings into some
absolute truth. Rather,
take this work as you
would a gambit in chess.
A small offering that
unlocks the board to
new possibilities.

Too few, I think, make
the time to understand
the Virtues as anything
but some rallying point
for rules and laws.
Being individuals, full of
passions and prejudices,
they reject governance by
Virtue out of hand.
Indeed, even I have
rejected rulerships where
Virtue is said to be the
backbone. To me, the
Virtues mustn't be
compulsory else they
become nothing more than
headings above a set of
arbitrary edicts by
councils.
But those same individuals
who vehemently revile the
Virtues still pay homage
to them by way of the
Three Principles. By no
means should this be
taken as evidence of a
hypocrisy. It is simply
that only the most

reprehensible things
display no Love, no Truth
and no Courage. In my
experiences, many of the
most hated and evil
creatures have
demonstrated admirable
amounts of one or more
of the Three Principles,
and through them several
Virtues. If legends and
rumors be true Lord
Blackthorne opposed Lord
British because he would
not sacrifice innocent
people for the greater
good. That is, to me,
both Courageous and
Loving.

So then with Blackthorne
as a model and using only
that narrow interpretation
of his motives one could
look to traditional
Virtuous philosophy and
extrapolate that even
though Blackthorne
opposed the probable
outcome of a Virtuous
society he still exhibited
appreciation for
Compassion, Justice,
Honor, Valor and
Sacrifice. For those are
most of the pigments
that comprise Love and
Courage.

Here now begins the
musing that I fancied
enough to extol on paper.
The most basic colors
that we can derive are
red, yellow and blue. One
must also allow for white
and black which cannot be
perfectly made by the
three colors. Red is the
color of Valor, the only
Virtue made solely of
the Principle of Courage.
Compassion is colored
yellow. It is comprised
only of Love. And
Honesty is Blue. Again
the centerpiece of but
one Principle, that of
Truth. It could then be
understood that the

colors of the Principles
are red, yellow and
blue.

Justice, it is said, is the
Love of Truth. If one
were to mix yellow and
blue one would come up
with green, the color of
Justice. The same process
works perfectly for both
Honor and Sacrifice.

Honor is Truth and
Courage. Blue and red
blended do indeed make
purple, the color of
Honor. Orange, the color
of sacrifice, is wrought
from yellow and red, or
Love and Courage.

This leaves us with just
two Virtues as yet
undefined. White
Spirituality and Black
Humility. Interestingly,
these two share a bond
in their opposing
attributes. Spirituality is
rendered from all of the
Three Principles, while
Humility is made up of
none.

I have been to many
places and the only
connotation common to
black in all of those
places is that of respect.
One who wears black is
not commanding the
respect of others but
showing respect. That, I
think, is why Humility has
been assigned to Black.
Acknowledging one's place
is a show of respect, and
a way of earning some
for yourself.

I was once afforded the
opportunity to aid a
scholar here in Sosaria.
He was quite intrigued by
the light of the sun. He
showed me how taking
keenly crafted glass of
triangular cut could break
up the daylight into
predominantly red, yellow
and blue rays. What he
was searching for in this

I cannot say. Nor could
he explain how three such
vibrant colors could be
concealed in what we
know as white light.
Nevertheless white is the
color of Spirituality and
it is made of all Three
Principles. All eight
Virtues are bound in
white. Light, bright white
light, is what enables us
to see beyond our own
thoughts and feelings.
Spirituality is a way of
bringing us together. It
is, I believe, the canvas
upon which we paint with
all our myriad colors that
Truth, Love and Courage
allow.

And what is black if not
the signature of the
artist? A small offering
from one humbled and
awed not only by that
which flows through him
to the canvas but also
the majesty of the
efforts of all others
towards that same work
at which we all toil.

Signed in black,
-Reeve